

One afternoon, though, my friend came out of the showers and said to me, "Did you see that?"

"See what?" I said.

"Bill's cock!"

"For Christ's sake, I don't stare at guy's cocks -- what do you take me for?"

"Gerry, pretend you're looking for your shampoo and go back in and look at it."

"You're crazy," I said, and I continued to resist, but he continued to insist, until finally I decided that the simplest thing would be to conform with his ridiculous demand.

It was the eighth wonder of the world, a meathook, a king cobra, an inverted replica of George Foreman's forearm.

What havoc the guy must have wreaked upon his lovers.

We still speak of it, that banyan root, that howitzer, that missile silo, that bludgeon, John Henry's hammer, the creature from the black lagoon.

We speak of it loudly but reverentially on drunken evenings in crowded silken cocktail lounges,

and, within minutes, we find we have the place to ourselves.

Have they left us from embarrassment, or are they racing down the freeway, hellbent for Long Beach?

#### THE NASTIEST GLAND

Nearly all my friends have prostate trouble. There is absolutely no reason why I shouldn't also -- I'm obese, have bad posture and a frequently sprained sacroiliac, drink to excess, and have bad attitudes toward sex.

But I don't have prostate trouble, and it has begun to affect my comradely relationships.

I see them whispering to each other behind inverted palms,

"What's fat-ass's secret? Why doesn't he share it with us?"

Who does he think he is anyway?

I bet he has it and he won't admit it -- yeah,  
look at that tightness of repressed pain around his lips."

Listen, old buddies, I want to join your company of  
misery.

For instance, I have sex exclusively in those positions  
the doctor book says are most apt to be harmful.  
I feel as if I've been left out of one more fraternity.  
Look at me -- the rest of my body is a shambles --  
I've destroyed it trying to get at that nasty little  
gland.

Give me some slack, guys:  
I've always been a little slow.  
It was only in fourth grade  
that I learned to tie my own shoes.

#### TRANSCENDENT LOGIC

after the film, my little boy,  
who now must cope with a divorce  
as well as the even more terrifying realization  
that he will never catch up in age with his sister,  
grows strangely quiet.

"what's the matter, big guy?" i ask.

"nothing," he says.

"come on," i urge, "something's wrong."

"if something's wrong," he says,  
"please tell me what it is."

at a loss for words,  
i once again fail him.

#### THE MAN WHO WOULD BE POET

he was not born to the word  
nor was he much of a learner,

but being ugly  
not quite good enough to go far in sports  
and a total bust in school